[1973-74]

TOWER

To Richard Bradley

THE TOWER

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RURAL POVERTY DAYS

He says that he can recall being able
to see the chickens under the house
through the boards in the floor.

Oh yes, and how the husky and foul-smelling dog
would sleep in the brown and black sod
with his left ear caressing the ground.

And he saw the hogs as they sometimes came under
pushing with their snouts,
moldy cobs that were coated with feed pellets
and cow manure.

As he remembers these things,
he returns to the cabinet shelf—
floor cleaner and wax.

Mirian D. Turner

FEBRUARY 2nd

It didn't happen like I thought
it would,
There wasn't an earthquake
or a flood.
It happened over a Tom Collins
in candlelight,
As though we were discussing
the weather.
But when the door shut with
you outside,
I felt my soul slowly peel as
you walked away
with most of me.

Inge K. Hinrichs

A TEAR?

Through the silken morning haze,
Delicately throned on a plush emerald
Was a perfect drop of dew;
But
Just as I saw,
It glinted in the sun
And my vision was blurred
By the sparkle.

Donna Cochran

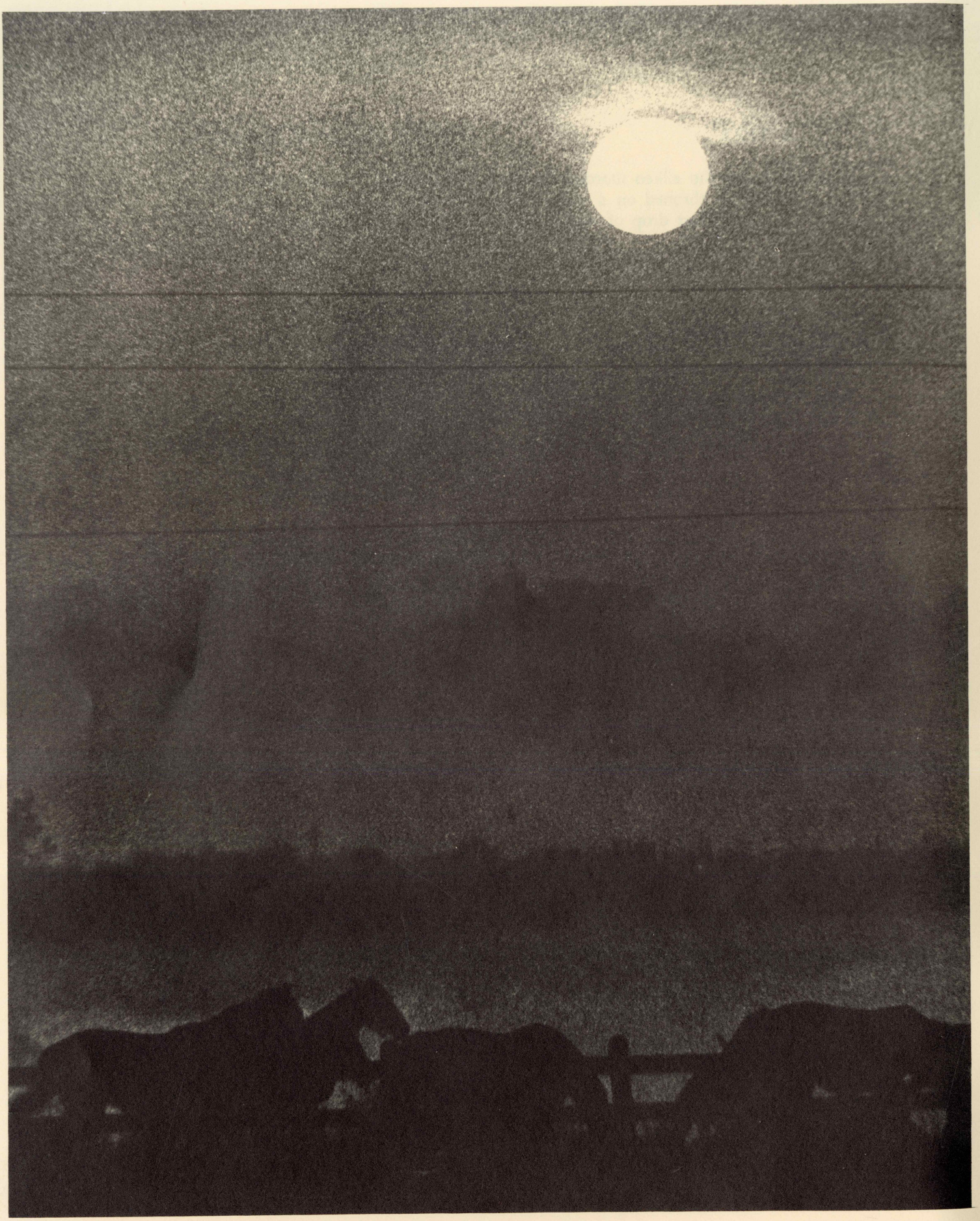
IN RETROSPECT:
A FIELD TRIP WITH ROBERT FROST

Sweet Jesus!
What an era we've spanned!
Makes me think back on
Popbeads and
Hulahoops,
Ipana toothpaste and
Big-El-The-King, who sang like an Appalachian angel.

Oh, Brother!
The things that have passed by us
Without passing us by!
We weren't the War Babies,
But we predate the love children.
Makes me want to jump and shout
To think what an age—
What a good age we strode across,
Nimble,
Confident,
And then fell flat on our faces
And begged for someone to
Softly sing the blues.

Soak it up in your guts
And let it rest easy on your soul.

Dilcy Windham



Ted Tucker

MARCH FIRST AND FOREVER

A friend, (not a madman), and his birthday lady
came to fly you away to the
source of your dreams.
Many were the chances for spoil,
but, for once, circumstances did not stand in your way.
Up went metal wings
with you and two in between,
out past flat-bottomed clouds (for clouds look different
when you're running through their own playground),
beyond miniature farms and fences where
the giant cloud-trees cast their shadows.
Over furrows they call strip mining and
puddles they call lakes,
your mollified roller coaster carried you 'till
the world came back to your size again,
and a sidewalk became a runway and
you, a passanger coming into a port you had longed for.
A phone call brought a familiar voice,
and half an hour brought an orange VW and the
young woman who had taught you what love is.
A long embrace and a visual exchange of "I've
missed you more than life,"
then the four of you, although you were
only aware of two,
began an evening.
An unneeded steak and a Coca-Cola were fair for starters,
and your favorite guide introduced you to
a comfortable home, a family,
a mass of pajama-clad seventh-graders who had
gathered for one of America's great misnomers,
a puppy of soft St. Bernard half hers, and an
appropriately gentle cat named Sesame.
And you loved them all because they were
part of your love's world.
Then a long walk long awaited, words, touching, and caring
made the night what you wanted it to be.
And you found in her
what you knew you would,
something you had found long before.
Love, you had been told and now you knew,
is for always.

Gary Greene

THE HOLLOW MAN

I can no longer see you as a man—
You are a mass.
One—sucked into millions.

So don't try and tell me how to be,
I don't want to hear it from so many.

You are fastened to your thoughts
  by an invisible lie.
And when a question arises,
  you look up the answer in your noggin manual—
The one that's been so CAREFULLY written
  for your kind.

I told you not to sink so deep
  that you couldn't come out again.
I told you.
But let me as soon tell Death to stay away.

You don't even try to come out anymore because,
  with your flaccid nature,
You let *them* suffice for your
  soul.

So, it's futile for me to even *want* to tantalize
  your head.

Oh, I should have told you
  a long time ago—

Don't let the earth break

Unless you want to fall
                in.

Renee Bostany

Here are two little known poems, by two very well known masters of the Art of Poesy, I would like to share with you.

Jack Kephart

(from *The Profit*) c. 1926

And a Republican said, Speak
of many things: (mainly Damocrats)
And he answered saying:
Is God not in the President,
as there are vipers in the bosom of the Senate
Caucus Room;
But, on the other hand, could it be
that God is not a lawyer or scholar;
But merely the Creator of the Universe
and an outside agitator

Karlisle Gibrush

(from *Listen to the Singing of the Squash*:
collected poems c. 1983)

We met by the sea
you and I
Wondrous lady
Smiled and laughed, walking
Talking
to the sound of surf on sand
Loving the warm of a
sunny day
We lay behind a dune
Your hair was as gold—Oh!
I touched your bursting body
You said then—in tones of velvet
"Vice Squad—you filthy
male chauvinist pervert."

Rud McCohan

LOVE SONG DOWN ONE

She was here—
  I know she was
There's some of her long golden hairs
  in the hairbrush.
Eighteen cigaret butts in the ashtray
Her boots are right there on the floor
And she is too—on the floor

The record's still going around
  on the turntable
It's been doing that for about three hours now

A love song—
She wanted to hear a love song
But it all came out depression

She was here

There's the little bottle on the floor—
Right next to the depressing love song
You know—
It really turned into despair

But—she was here

Renee Bostany

PURGATORY
OR
CONFESSIONS OVER A RAISIN CAKE

Why
do they
insist
on leaving
the strings
in
these beans ?

by Mark Brandon and
Kal Stanford

J. HEINE
GOD

EVERYONE SMILES NOW

Throughout the city there is celebration. People are laughing, shouting and singing as they pass the circular streets on their way to the square at the city's center. The setting sun casts a reddish glow over them, youthful boys and girls of all races running and smiling, happy with anticipation.

The special committees of the Happiness Club have been planning day and night in preparation for tonight, which everyone is certain will be a smashing success. It is to be a really big celebration; first comes the Party, and then the Game, and then the Dance, and lastly the March and the Circle. It's the biggest celebration anyone can remember.

The night-long celebration has been looked forward to by everyone since it was hastily scheduled a week ago by the Happiness Club. Everyone in the city (all "involved" citizens) will be there, since everyone belongs to the Happiness Club.

Besides belonging to the Happiness Club, everyone also belongs to 20 other clubs, and everyone spends most of their time participating in the activities, the games, dances and parties, organized by these clubs. Everyone is very busy being as involved as possible.

The city adheres strictly to today's National Motto, "Involvement Is All We Need." Tonight everyone is involved with the Happiness Club in the celebration.

The "most significant moment in history" is being celebrated tonight, the end of philosophy and science. The "elimination" of these concepts and the "sanification" of their "misbelievers" was ordered by the Cheerleader General who published her report only a week ago. Tonight the celebration will occur along with the implementation of her plan.

In her report, the Cheerleader General cited thought as being the cause of "loneliness, worry and unhappiness" and the scientists and philosophers as being the "unwilling offenders." Loneliness, worry and unhappiness, as everyone understands are the main impediments to involvement, and the only known cure, sanification, is what is to be provided for the scientists and philosophers.

The process now known as "sanification" was actually invented a long time ago by scientists who used it experimentally on rats and monkeys. It was the intention of some to use this technique to help hopeless schizophrenics, but the negative public reaction to the "partial lobotany", as it was then known, forced the abandonment of experimentation. People then worried about the social implications of the robot-like results that were being produced, but today everyone is too involved to worry.

The people are now in the stadium in the city's square, waiting for the Game to begin. They are singing today's National Anthem, "I'd Like to Teach the World to Sing", an old song from a long time ago. The announcement said the song was chosen for today because it was a "beacon of hope" in a time when nearly everyone was a scientist or a philosopher, and everyone was lonely, worried and unhappy. Some of the people considered the selection appropriate for the occasion, although most just cheered.

While the celebration proceeds, the Agents of Desolation Sanification Incorporated are out in the streets rounding up all the scientists and philosophers to bring to the Insanity Factory. They are being taken in their homes and special buildings by the Agents who are nameless and faceless, and carry electrified metal staffs, capable of detecting the "cognitive-worry process" in action. Also, the staffs are capable of inflicting paralysis.

The function of recently created "Desolation Sanification Incorporated" is to sanify those incapable of being involved. As it was explained by the Cheerleader General, God the Creator, Jesus the Son, Ozzie the Father and Harriet the Mother all want everyone to be as free and happy and involved as possible, and to help those incapable of being happy and involved because they have lost their Free Will, Desolation Sanification Incorporated was created. It was explained that this was the only way to make everyone love everyone, and everyone happy, and everyone free, and everyone involved. It was explained that one "lonely, worried, unhappy heart" left in the World would upset God's plan. So for the sake of God and Jesus and Ozzie and Harriet, Involvement through Sanification was to be the new order.

It is now early morning, a few hours before sunrise, and the celebration is now coming to a close. The Party, the Game, and the Dance are now officially huge successes, just as everyone has learned to expect them to be. It is time for the beginning of the Moratorium March, and the youthful boys and girls (God and the Cheerleader General had ended aging, years ago) of all colors begin to march throughout the city's streets, carrying candles.

Soon, they have weaved through the city and form a ring, holding hands inside the outer Circle of the city. Then everyone chants the Happiness Club Cheer and sings "I'd Like to Teach the World to Sing" and then leaves, running, laughing, cheering, shouting, singing, skipping and dancing, to go home to rest before another busy day of involvement.

Even now some changes as a result of the night's events are apparent. Buildings once having other uses are being changed into club houses, and new posters are being put up by the poster machines. "Everyone Smiles Now" is the motto for today, and everyone visible on the streets is smiling. They smile because they are happy knowing that everyone is everyone's friend, and that everyone loves everyone, and that God will keep them young and free and happy and involved forever, and that the Cheerleader General has just finished God's plan, and made everyone smile.

The lines of people moving through the city carrying candles are visible for miles from the city, and the laughing noise of their happiness can be heard for an equal distance.

But, away from the candle parade, away from the noise, away from the square and the city and the Circle, faintly visible on this moonlit night is the soon to be familiar fixture in the sky that no one will ever see, The Insanity Factory.

Ray Bish

Wade Gilbreath

OLD TIME RELIGION

The Reverend Doctor Lucien B. Williams was as old
and yellowed as revival posters in deserted storefronts
and when he preached he set up his allusions
the way they used to build houses.
The casket they got him he would have called too catholic
and useless fireproofing for where he was going;
better for storing his old sermon notes
to stop a slower kind of catching fire.

Because they're dried out now without his liquid voice,
a brittle stockade that snaps when the young folks
transgress to buy copies of the RSV;
we give them to the boy scout paper drive.
Son of just man, will these trees live again
on execution hills?

Harvey Estes
(Former Editor of
The Tower)

WORDS

A gift of infinite importance
Surpassing even that of gold.
Bound often in the cheapest paper,
Sometimes in hand-tooled leather.
A gift that gives according to need.
Chance of escape, an intellectual
Challenge, the wisdom of ages and
the nonsense of Time.
Nothing more than
Words,

That the talented manipulate,
and the dull worship.

Pat Walden

COMING OF AGE IN MONTEVALLO

Last week (when I was quite naive)
I thought pressed hams
Were something like rib-eye steaks
(When actually it's more like Boston butt, I suppose.)
I thought living on a shoestring
Must be terribly precarious.
And cutting the cheese
Was something they did in Switzerland.
That killing rabbits
Was a hunter's game,
And sugar tits
Was a nickname for your sweetheart.
But that was last week
When I was naive.
I mean I was so naive
I thought naivete was the birth of Christ.
Now I know a bearded clam
Is just a shell with a mustache.

Dilcy Windham

THE APRIL FOOLS

Mysteriously
They arrived in the fog
Wearing black raincoats
Tramping through dark alleys
And speaking of change and discontent
Philosophizing in their damp rhetoric
On the edifying spectacle of the sky
And warning in their saturating way
Of the dangers of weathermen
But soon, after 30 days of rainy sky
And 30 nights of a steady drip
From the man-hole cover
We'd had enough
And we killed them
And the king washed his hands
And the gutter's poets wrote
Of things that might have been
But no one cared
For everyone knew
The April Fools would never walk again

Ray Bish

EPISTEM-OPHELIA

A harder mistress I could never have the misfortune to know. You perennially demand perfection in even the most trivial things, which drives me to neurosis and culminates in my incompetence. And I have never known a greater miser when it comes to tears. It would seem they have grown precious over the years, else why do you now laugh at death and the most unseemly things, which only a few years ago would have furrowed your brow or unleashed a flood of tears?

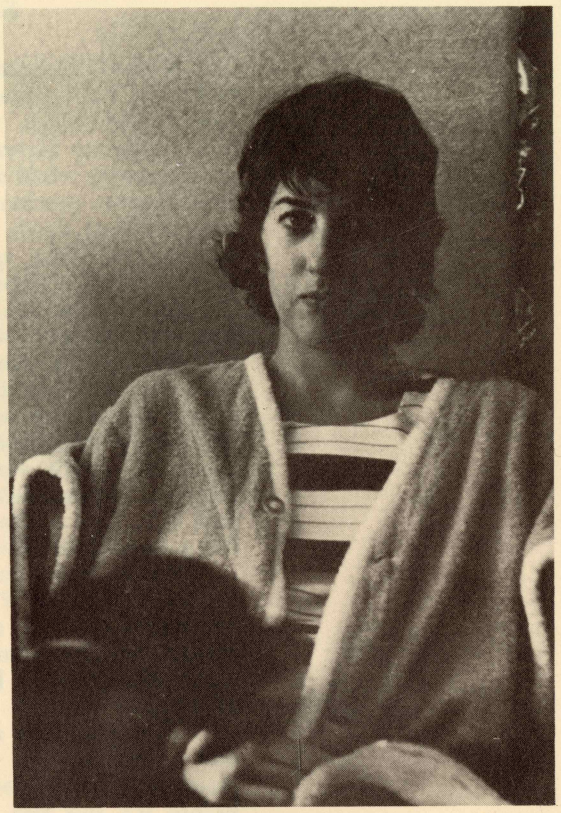
Indeed, you are not as I first remember you, for now you are like two who dwell in the tenement formerly occupied by one. And while one of you firmly denies the universal delusion that time exists, the other frantically strives to meet an advancing deadline, only to fail ninety per cent of the time. You are as stable as an inebriated butterfly, which vacillates from side to side, and then collapses in complete paralysis. So you, too, will crumble and fall, into a deadlock where you are nothing at all, for a household divided against itself cannot stand.

Where were you the day we discussed *carpe deim,* or "seize the day"? Dabbling in philosophy no doubt, or meddling with metaphysics and tampering with ontology, whiling your time away. Or did it seep its way right through your hollow head, thick only with thoughts of ethereal things?

The symptoms are clear. You read between the lines and laugh between the laughs. Ah, futile folly of fallacious fools! Abandon your foolish pursuits and turn back before it's too late, for you do not know what distant dangers await. Heed the lesson of those immortal monuments: Poe, Nietzche, Holderlin and Eliot, intrepid travelers who dared to tread that treacherous road to its deadly end, across that perilous juncture of genius and insanity.

They say a fine line genius from insanity separates, and it seems that madness begins where genius abates. And like Ophelia, who, through loss of reason came to drown, the current of your foolish pursuits (which I so despise) will trap you in its raging vortex and draw you down to be rapt away to your demise.

—Celia Copen



Dan McCurdy

SEX AT #15 (AGE)

Youthful imaginations
Shrouded by moral reservations
tempered with thoughts
of self preservations.

Close contact, no
not just an abstract
lost in some look
Not found in a book.

Sight, just a closed curtain
relying on touch
to decipher
What's for certain.

Mixed emotion
caught in an ocean
filled by
clouds of lotion.

Synthetic sensations
Shrouded by moral reservations
tempered with thoughts
of self preservation.

hay hay!

Earl McGalliard

SEARCHING

The waves of life carry me far
into the shores of reality.
I reach the crest only to find
myself being pulled down by
the depths of ignorance.

Robin Metzger

CAN BUY YA LOVE

Yeh, you may try real hard
Just to live life your own way
But the preachers and the teachers
Are gonna make ya live it like they say
So you just promise 'em anything
Just so they'll go away

And if they're preachin' and demandin'
An stomping on the floor
And a nickel's worth 'f shit
Won't shut 'em up any more
Just reach into your wallet
And pull them out a ten
Put on a fucking smile
And tell them once again
You'll try to be happy being bored

And if your woman, she don't like
What you are tryin' to do
And she's nagging an bitching
About all that's wrong with you
Just quiet her up, just like you did before
Just pull out a ten
An shut up the lousy whore
And come the night, she'll let you
even the score

And if you've been told, and you've heard
From the doctors that you aint well
And the preachers have given you the word
That you're going straight to hell
Just hand them all your fortune
Every cent without restraint
And before you die, they'll be makin'
You a saint
Yeh, hard feelin's won't be felt
With a lumpy money-belt
So, just keep your mouth shut
And your wallet open
And they'll be makin' you a Saint

Ray Bish

STROLLING

Shadow speckled sunlight
of autumn's gold
song under fresh footsteps
in partnership
nuzzling love to my cheek
to smell, lick, giggle, speak,
hello noodle, grundle and hobble,
niggle, wiggle, blomp and gobble.
Below—shuffling thighs glued and throbbing
Above—blind arms entwined and wrestling,
Deserted maturity
Sensible quiescent.

Michael O'shea

SPIRO AGNEW'S DEFUNCT
(A parody of e. e. cummings' "Buffalo Bill's Defunct")

Spiro Agnew's
defunct
who used to smile so innocently
when No. 1 squirmed

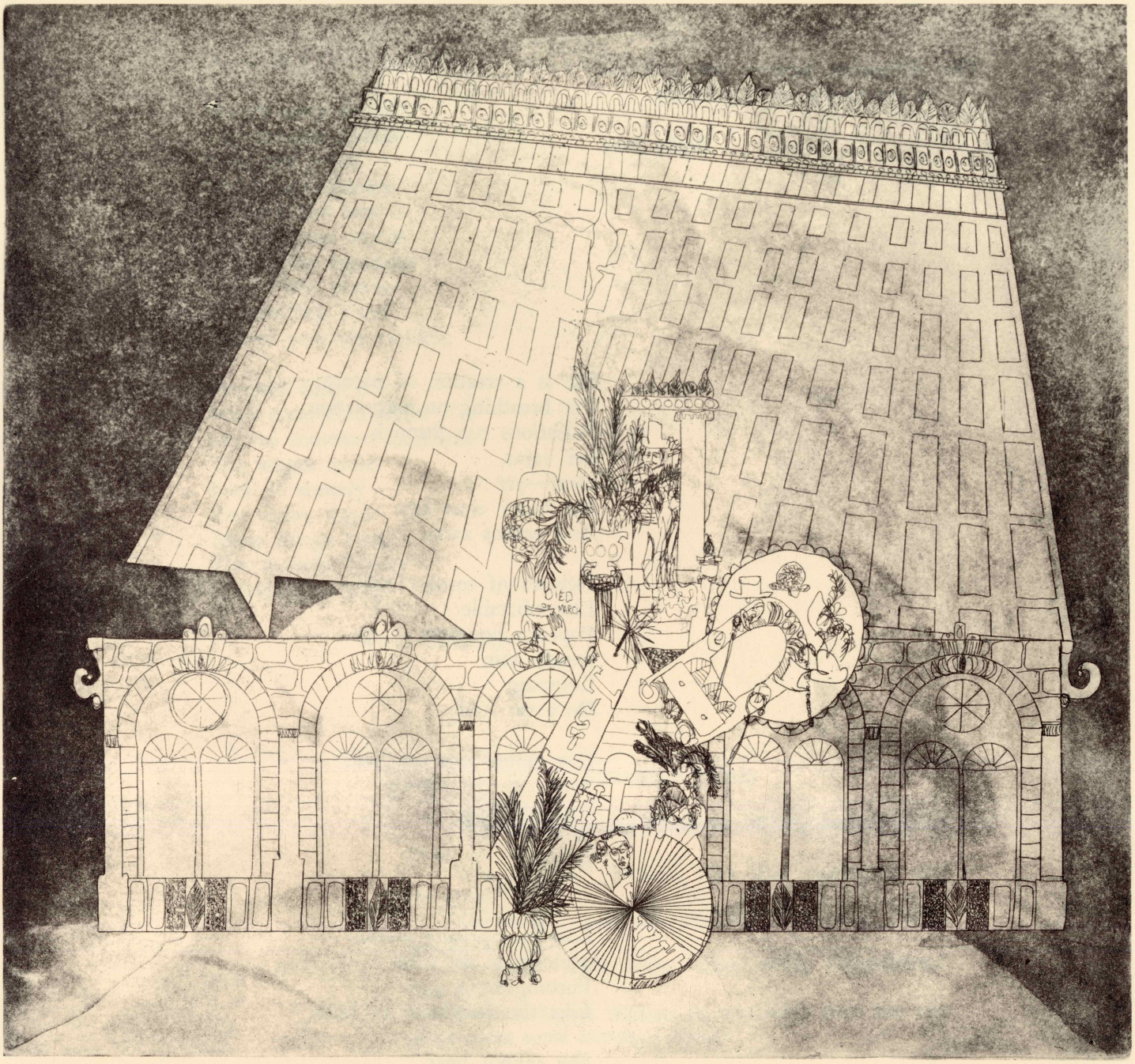
and kept smiling
while he shot down accusations
onetwothreefourfive justlikethat

and still trying to smile
he said "no contest"
Jesus
he was a brick!
and what I want to know is
how do you like your broken down wall now

Mister and Ms.
American Public?
he might do good to change his name back to

Anagnostopoulus.

Renee Bostany



Joe Newell

The difference between you and me
is the height of our society.

Becky Ivey

She is a creation of nature;
Yet breathing on automation.
Pulsations run through
her veins.
Deaf—yet
She hears eons ago
And oceans away.

Pictures of music flash—
Unpredictable
Popcorn popping;
Steady rain
Dripping
On a tin roof.

Her muted ears are livid
With an electrifying
And soothing
Wire—
Source
of sounds.

Lost in a private world.
Melody on all sides
Encompassing
Like the doughnut its' hole.

She cannot hear
Me. I don't fear.
At ten it will end
The library closes then.

John Draper

WORDS COME SLOWLY

Words come slowly
The thought hovers
Near the paper
The idea shimmers
Wonder how best
The reluctant words
Make them expedient
Slowly very slowly
The starting point
Arrives concrete explicit.

Finished form now
Mark completed effort
Degree somehow deficient
The longer route
Lack of scenery
Too many signs
Many things miscast
The thought hovers
In confusion still.

Wade Gilbreath

Frederick HUMp

Early one Mourning FRederick HUMp wacked up an jumpt out off beAd.

"Om Mother," heesaid, "Eye Hat halfingtoo cup the graph."

"Oshaddup", sayed his smother, "Ewe halve a Gnu longmore-*#1."

"O PuP," cride Freg, "Now MYE DENCHURZ Canrest)"

Freedick kiphst hismum an wenturirk four hee was gointuhalve some mavelous Stime.

Chuck Yokum

Dixie Murray Mayfield lived with his momma.
She had a wooden leg
and a big bitchin' mouth.
He was nearly 40.

Dixie Murray sold lingerie for Vanity Fair.
His momma would say,
"Dixie Murray's in bras and panties."
and laugh—giggle, snort and snuffle.
He'd smile—for her.

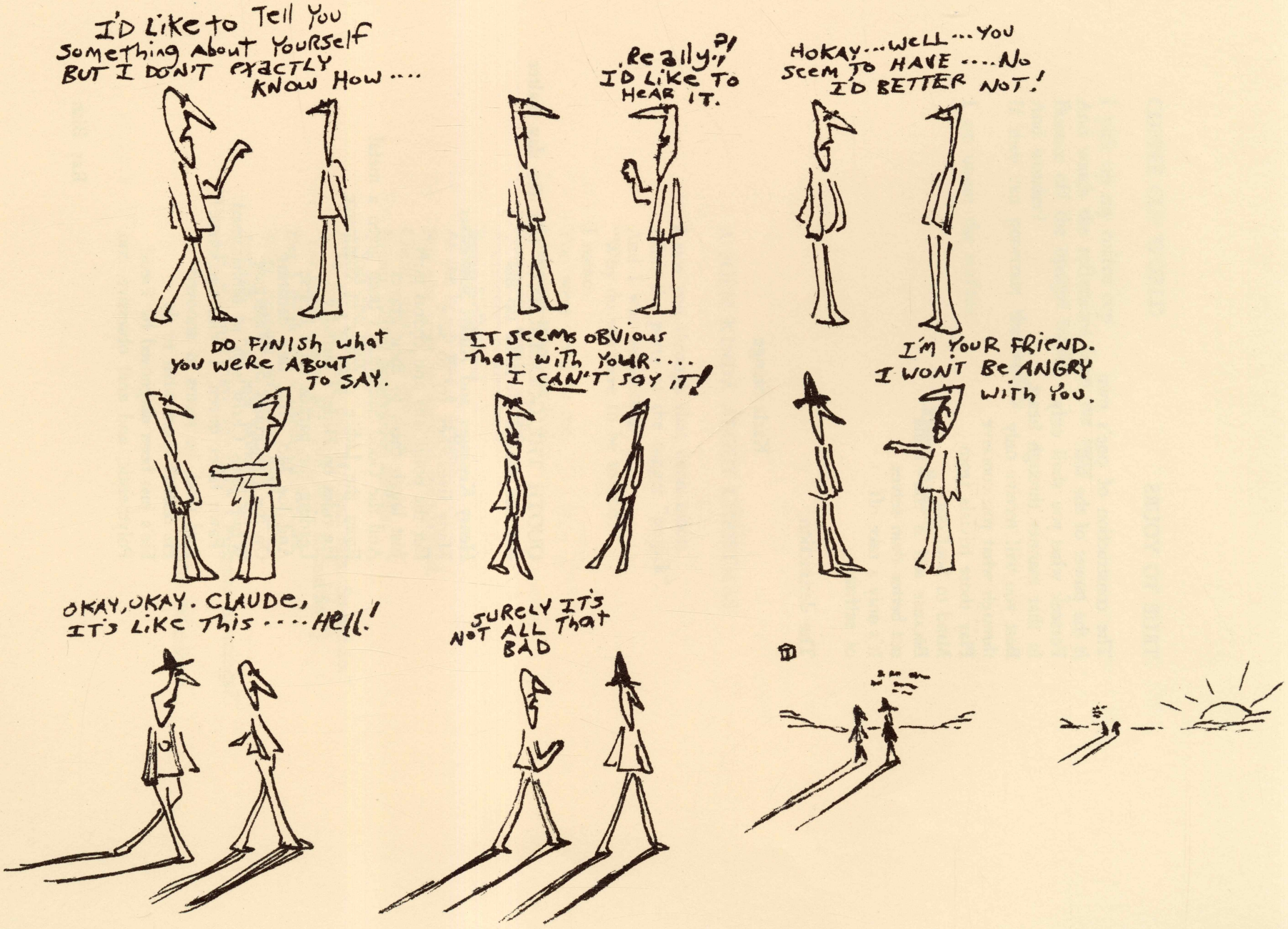
Dixie Murray was married for 4 or 5 weeks.
When he was 30 or so—
but his wife lived in Tuscaloosa
and Dixie Murray stayed in Demopolis—
with his momma.
His momma used to say
"Ole Dixie Murray's marriage never was consolidated."
and laugh and chuckle, chortle, yuk.
He'd smile—for her.

Last week Dixie Murray found his
long dead daddy's old single-shot sixteen
and bought one shotgun shell
at Betty and Whitey's store
Dixie Murray always had a hard time
making choices.
So—he flipped a coin—
and his momma lost.
He laughed—slapped his knee, giggled,
chuckled—
and smiled—just for her.

Jack Kephart

..."SURELY, IT'S NOT ALL That BAd."

HUMOR BY J. HEINE


I'D Like to Tell You Something about YourSelf BUT I DON'T EXACTLY KNOW How....
Really?! I'D Like To HEAR IT.
HOKAY...WELL...YOU SEEM TO HAVE....No I'D BETTER NOT!
DO FINISH what YOU WERE ABOUT TO SAY.
IT SEEMS OBVIOUS That with YOUR.... I CAN'T SAY IT!
I'M YOUR FRIEND. I WONT Be ANGRY With You.
OKAY, OKAY. CLAUDE, IT'S LiKe This....Hell!
SURELY IT'S NOT ALL That BAD

TRUE TO YOURS

The construction of one's own
is the power of the self.
Forseek what you shall only
in that manner through heart.
Best you will receive only
through what you conceive
Play those trivials from
Mind to Soul out.
Because self is you—think
not better than selves.
It's only a take off
of selfish.

The destruction.

Karla Stange

QUOTH THE GOD-MACHINE (Or the day walter concrete shuved the mike up his . . .)

Henry Kissinger and Albert Schweitzer
Many lives they try to save
But the politicians and chorus girls
Just laugh them to their graves
And the Good Samaritan's been given a metal
From the Lidice chamber of commerce
He rides on Hitler's birthday
Leading the parade on a hearse
And Joe McC rthy, he's debating
On the vissicitudes of Watergate
While Jesus Christ says to Mohammed
"Pawn takes queen, I win, checkmate!"
And God, he seems so annoyed
He doesn't know what to do
He's just been diagnosed by Freud
Polytheistic, and anal obsessive, too.

Ray Bish

COFFEE CUP WORLD

I pick up my coffee cup
And watch the reflections from the light
Bounce off the opaque liquid,
And wonder?
If they can penetrate the surface.

I am under the surface.

Renee Bostany

A POEM KINDA ABOUT CHRISTMAS

I saw you through that neon moon
After the party at the nigger "projick".
And I was wondering,
"Why do you have to be so bad?"
I mean
You were good to me.
I laughed when we had
Imaginary meals at the
Abandoned luncheonette.
Being Hollywood
At the beach was a delight.
But you were so damned preoccupied.
Christ, what fun we had
In our 20,000 honeymoon motels
Across the state . . .
("So glad to have you, Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So."
"Do come again, Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So.")
But I think the Closed-Blind Blues
Were running with you even then.
Anyway, I was just wondering,
"Do you ever have any more Christmas mornings?"

Dilcy Windham

THE BOLDE YUNGE KNIGTE

If I were an aardvark
  it would not be a hard part
to get the lines.

But to be a human he-man
  to attract a human she;
Man!
That requires some tact.

To be a hippopotomus
  one can be a little obvious
And still o'erwhelm his date.

But I'm a human male
  which virtually entails
Being (nice to:
        possible parents-in-law,
        friends,
        neighbors,
        people I don't know,
        baby sisters,
        baby brothers,
        the English peas which roll
        down my sleeve
        at formal banquets)
    chivalrous.

Kal Stanford

THE JOKE'S ON ME

Left
  lifeless
    when
      my
        laughing
          lover
            leaves.

Inge K. Hinrichs

LADY CHARLOTTE

Silently she sits, the remnant of
a forgotten social order.
Isolated in a world
Knowing nothing of its disorder.
I myself, more moved by her
motionless, monotonus stance
let my imagination run wild and
after mere moments am swallowed in her trance

Swept through her land of
riches and white lace
My eyes survey her silent solitary years
and come to rest in her dimly lit face.
A once bright face what lighted untold
formal balls.
And entertained as the perfect hostess
until the graying hours of morning
when the music died and she
escorted her last waltz
partner from her hall.

Locked here in this prison palace
She sits possessed by death's anticlimatic shadow.
Seldom stirring except to evade the
Narrow piercing light of Realities window.

Hidden in a time long since
Past over
She relives ancient lovers
And moist fields of red clover.
But, washed in this polished
Antiquated smile, she
Captures none, no nothing but miles.

Earl McGalliard

John Spicer

"KNOW YOU WHAT 'TIS YOU SPEAK?"

I was sitting in class, slowly and silently suffering "the slings and arrows of outrageous freshman English" as usual, and listening to the professor enumerate her requirements for a theme in which we were bound to explicate one of Shakespeare's sonnets. As the words blurred before my eyes and the professor's voice grew fainter and fainter, I aspired to make light of my situation. And, being a self-professed pro of Shakespeare's literature (don't we all sometimes think we know what we do not?), I left the room, glowing with the belief that 't would be a splendid rip-off.

Two days later I turned in what I believed to be one of my best papers—one I was certain that the teacher would surely enjoy reading, and one which was certain to have few errors (if any).

You have to know what to anticipate from teachers. With some you can "hit with Cupid's arrow" (or shoot the bull, whichever); with others, you can worm your way around the assignment by writing in such vague terms that they dare not mark off for fear you are really a genius and might one day prove their ignorance. However, I proceeded to write the usual cut-and-dried stuff, because, being inexperienced, I feared that I wouldn't get away with anything but a D—. I ripped off a terrific paper, adding my usual great humor in places, and generally feeling like a big smart—.

That night, while tossing and turning, I had a most bizarre dream. I was in a mighty building, seated in a huge desk and peering over the top of it to see my instructor's face with consternation written all over it. She was directing her questions to me and I found myself unable to answer sensibly.

"Don't you ever do your homework?" she accused me.

"When in disgrace with Fortune and men's eyes," I answered weakly.

"How do you account for this most horrid work?"

("Oh, that this too too solid flesh would melt," I thought in agony.) "My wit's diseased," I managed to reply.

"Well, at least you're honest about it, although incredibly stupid."

I moaned in anguish, "Had it pleas'd heaven to try me with affliction—"

"Oh, Out, hyperbolical fiend!" the instructor screeched, growing bigger and bigger with anger until the dream exploded and I found myself in the comfort of my room.

How I dreaded to face her the next day. When I received my paper, full of marks resembling shed blood, I cursed, "Oh murder most foul!" But I beheld one statement that enlightened me. And I understood the teacher's position at last. There, in childish scrawl, was a quote from *Othello:* "For I am nothing, if not critical."

—K. Cinna

The Tribes and Trilulaytions ob
Tommy and Terry Randoob, or . . .

(A PLAY)

Act I
/scene/(a room in the Chehsire (the) Home For Cripples of State. Enter a man troubling a large sack ober his shouldy.

Tommy: Now get out of there and we'll have no laughing all over the floor if you please.

Terry: yassuh yo holyship, ahs comin'(he rolls out).

Tommy: It's all downhill from here, so wheel yourself. (griffing to heself only)Yer mounds are healing nicely though(thumbing his nose nad casualy knocking tthe chair out of gear) Aside: With a fast chair he's a cinch in the Polio Ward 500.Allowed: Slow down sweet brother your bandages are loose!!

Meanwhile in another part of Town . . .

The days yawned early for little Jimmy, but no one carred lease off all he.(He was binny blind and a right beggar). "I canna see a bloody things", he burped.

"It's no wumber,"advanced his Mutti dear,"Your binny blind and a right beggar.But youre Mummy's little cripple."

Little Jimmy pharted at this idee and groped his way to his room. "I carn't have me own mum fleeting sorrdid for me."

And with that he left and left for the dart jingles of Afriga carrying with he a trussy Darkie as a frieng an guide (since he was a foreigner)ann were nevile heard to againge.

Which returns us obviousslyly to our story which has ended.

The End.

Chuck Yokum

77.1-3